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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Immortality of the Human Soul.*

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Is the soul immortal, or is it not? Does the soul perish with the body, or is there a life to come wherein the soul of man shall continue to exist after being separated from the body? These are questions of the most vital importance, and the answer is, as it were, the crowning point of philosophy. Revelation tells us that God, in creating man, gave him a spirit made after His own image and likeness, and therefore made him incorruptible. We know, too, from everyday experience, that all men die, and that the human body, in a short time after death, is changed into dust and becomes some other substance;—for, as our scientists claim, nothing in nature is lost, but everything changed.

Does the soul survive the body? "I do not know," the Agnostic or the Positivist answers; "for that is something above the sphere of such facts as science verifies." "I care not, neither do I wish to inquire about it," would answer the Stoics of old and those who have always upheld the doctrine of practical indifference and advocated the cause of wicked passions and tyranny. "No," answers the Materialist; "for man is formed of a combination of molecules or chemical elements which return to the common centre of nature, and the soul is a part of this combination." "Yes," replies the Pantheist; "the soul outlives the body and is absorbed into the Divine universality as a drop of water in the ocean, or successively transformed, according to the law of an indefinite progress."

In order to refute all these erroneous systems we might logically distinguish in the soul between the substance and the person. By the substance is meant that which is the principle of life, and is considered independently of intelligence. Now, if the soul is immortal this principle of life is not necessarily destroyed with the bodily substance, and this is called the substantial immortality of the soul. By person we mean the same principle endowed with reason, consequently intelligent and free, conscious of its own actions; and possessing self-dominion; and its permanent existence is called the moral or personal immortality of the soul. Therefore, to demonstrate our thesis im-

plies two things: 1st, that the soul is not material in itself; and 2d, that, being a spirit intelligent and free, it stands as a living principle of moral responsibility. Hence all the evidences in favor of the immortality of the soul can be reduced to two classes: 1st, arguments based on the essential distinction between physical facts and mental operations; and 2d, moral proofs derived from the higher and nobler aspirations of the soul, and which lead us to the conviction that it must enjoy an endless immortality.

I.—THE SOUL, AS A SIMPLE SUBSTANCE, SURVIVES THE BODY.

It is a fact attested by the history of all times that the human race has always believed in the existence of a future life. Examine the annals of antiquity: It is true that superstition shows its corroding influence upon nearly every point of doctrine, but still, beneath all these fables of idolatry we find clearly inculcated the belief of a life to come, with that of a state of reward and punishment. This is evident from the Elysium and Tartarus, so vividly described by all pagan poets. No faith was stronger or more popular among Egyptians, Greeks, Indians, Romans, Gauls and Germans. And Cæsar tells us that "the Druids inspired their warriors with contempt for death by the expectation of immortality." In modern times all travellers and historians declare that wherever the belief in the Divinity exists, there also is found the belief in another life. Robertson says that it is to be found from one extremity of America to the other, sometimes more obscure, sometimes more perfect, but nowhere unknown. Our only inference from this universal belief must necessarily be, the real presence in all human hearts of a mysterious and divine voice, declaring that death for man is not a total destruction, but is, as it were, the dawn of another and more enduring life.

No, the soul of man cannot perish with the body; for what natural force is there strong enough to destroy the substance of my soul? Is it in itself corruptible? No, it cannot be; for it is not composed of parts or elements which, being separated, would undergo various transformations. The body may, and does, undergo its various changes; but that simple, indivisible, animating principle enclosed within ever remains unchanged, ever the same, and when released from its earthly, material prison, soars away into the empyrean of a perfectly spiritual life, a complete, independent substance.

* Thesis defended before the St. Thomas Academy, May 14, 1885.

It is easy for us to understand how the body—which is composed of blind, extended, inert molecules—suffers decomposition, though the substance may not be annihilated but changed. But never will anyone realize, never will sound reason admit, that the principle of reason and love, the immaterial and simple subject of moral liberty, should have a more miserable lot than any material being in the universe. Therefore it is that the soul of man, which is “neither corporeal, nor combined, nor even compound,” as Cicero says, “but perfectly simple, cannot possibly be separated, divided, broken or torn to pieces. Therefore it cannot die; but death, which causes the sensible part of man to be dissolved, is for his soul only a passage to another world.”

II.—THE SOUL, AS A MORAL PERSON, IS IMMORTAL.

Our first argument, called the proof *ab intrinseco*, is one of very ancient origin. It was developed by Plato, renewed by Cicero, and strengthened and condensed by Seneca. Yet this argument, however forcible it may appear at first sight, goes only to show the possibility of the immortality of the soul without demonstrating its real and absolute necessity. Simplicity is but the condition, and not at all the cause, of immortality; and even though certain of the immortality of the soul, we would still have the right to ask what shall become of man as a moral person? In order to answer this question it is necessary to analyze the intimate nature of the *Ego* and then to examine the relations which human responsibility bears to the moral attributes of God.

In the first place, experience as well as science tells us that there is a wonderful order existing in all parts of the universe, and in everything an exact proportion between the means and the end. Now, in animals we find no tendency to progress, no indefinite development, no moral or religious ideas, and no indication that they have the least notion of a destiny higher than this world; but for man alone the present life is in manifest disproportion with the conditions of his nature. Look attentively at man's faculties. Is the human mind ever satisfied with what it knows? No: for an indefinite progress is the law of our nature. In the intellectual order we catch a glimpse of an unlimited ideal which we pursue without ceasing, but which it is not given us to reach or realize. In vain does science observe facts, remove prejudices and establish laws: the greatest scientist can never account satisfactorily for any physical agent or even explain the smallest particle of matter, which, indeed, escapes all analysis. Notwithstanding all the progress possible, there always remains an immense field open to new discoveries, and the deepest philosopher, if sincere at all, is forced to admit that he knows nothing *well*. Still we have a clear idea of perfect knowledge with the invincible desire to penetrate all the secrets of nature, and, at the same time, we are firmly convinced that the human mind is true.

How, then, can we reconcile these two things—

viz., an insatiable thirst after knowledge, and the evidence that our intellect is everywhere surrounded with obstacles and mysteries? This is the only solution: That, beyond the narrow limits of time there must necessarily exist another life where truth, in all the fulness and splendor of infinite perfection, shall give perfect satisfaction to all the cravings of the human intellect.

This reasoning is still stronger when applied to the human affections. All of us have in our hearts a sublime ideal of love which we vainly endeavor to realize. No creature was ever found as perfect and beautiful as is the intellectual form of beauty which illumines our souls or the image of pure love with which our minds are captivated.

The human heart is weak and imperfect, and can never attain true happiness in this world. But why is it that man is never happy? Why is it that, although we, in spite of ourselves, long for perfect, unchangeable happiness, can never attain it in this world, and can never find anything to satisfy fully the desires of our souls? Honors or riches, health and pleasure, science, even virtue itself, which are all finite goods, cannot fill the boundless capacity of the human heart. All other animals are happy in the stations in which they are placed; man alone is unhappy, being alone a prey to his passions. Yes, why is it that his days, like those of the brute, do not flow on without sorrow? Because there is another life for the soul, where its faculties will receive their fullest satisfaction—another country beyond the tomb, where man's intellect will be plunged in pure light and knowledge, and where his heart, made for infinite love, will rest in God. This conclusion, dictated by observation, is but a faithful echo of our mental faculties, and nature is the voice of God. Therefore, either there is a life to come for man, or else the Author of man was unwise to place in the human soul an ever-existing desire of happiness that could never be satisfied.

Nay, more: we might venture to say that, if the soul perishes with the body, God not only deceived us in giving us delusive inclinations; but he offends against His own attributes, particularly His goodness and His justice. He would appear before us as taking pleasure in tormenting us and making every man, even through the very faculties with which He had gifted him, the most miserable of creatures. Assuredly this proof is, of all others, the most convincing, resting as it does on the rational principle “that every being must have an end suitable to its nature, or a destiny in exact proportion to its powers and dispositions.” Now, therefore, taking this psychological fact that “nothing else than the infinite is able to satisfy the cravings of the human soul,” and also the belief that God must be perfectly good and wise, we have the right to infer therefrom that, not simply the immaterial substance, but the human person, with all the powers of intellect and will, shall, after the death of the body, live an everlasting life.

But there is another and perhaps more clearly indisputable proof which can be brought forward in favor of the personal immortality of the soul.

Not only is man conscious of unity, identity and simplicity, and not only is he attracted towards an ideal of truth, beauty and goodness, but he is, above all, a moral being, capable of choosing between good and evil. Now, it is plain that whoever does good deserves a recompense proportional to his acts; and, on the contrary, whoever does evil ought to be punished accordingly. But if we consider what takes place in this world, we shall immediately perceive that the consequences of human actions are very far from being conformable to what strict equity would require. We often find wicked men loaded with riches and honors and living in delight and luxury, while many virtuous people lead a painful life in poverty, contempt, and suffering. We also find that laudable actions, exciting the hatred of the wicked, draw down persecutions and ruin on the good, and that bad actions, artfully disguised, become a source of prosperity and success. How many sacrifices remain unknown? how many crimes triumphant? Were there no life to come, the Author of the natural law would have been wanting in wisdom; and, as legislator, He would command in vain, as His precepts would be destitute of sufficient sanction. Can remorse, which troubles only those who are novices in crime, be always a chastisement in proportion to the offence? Can peace of conscience be a sufficient reward to those in suffering and misery? Certainly not. As Rousseau says, "Even if I had no other proof of the immortality of the soul but the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the just, that alone would prevent me from doubting it. So harsh a discord in the universal harmony would make me seek for the solution of that riddle. All should declare and proclaim, with a loud voice: No, all does not end for us with life; order and equity must be re-established in all at death."

These words of the famous infidel would appear more forcible and, under the evidence, more striking, if they were accompanied by the firm belief in God's holiness and justice. God, who is infinitely holy, cannot remain indifferent to right and wrong, to good and evil. Yet, such would be the case if the soul were to die with the body. If just at all, God, by the simple fact that He made the soul free, made it also indestructible and immortal. If it were not so, the honest man would, by practising virtue, be entitled in strict justice to a recompense which would never be granted to him, and the wicked man, after committing the most atrocious outrages, would be allowed to laugh at the most sacred rights; yes, even to defy God Himself to inflict upon him the punishment deserved by his crimes. But, no: God, infinitely just and holy, God, the Author of the moral law, must be its protector and guardian, and as He is perfectly wise and provident, He must the more carefully watch over and enforce the inviolable prescriptions of morality.

To sum up all that has been said, we may set forth the following syllogisms: What is immaterial is indestructible in its substance; now such is the substance of the soul. Therefore the soul is indestructible. A person, or moral being, endowed with infinite thought and love, and whose free ac-

tions require a sanction perfect in itself, and superior to all temporal sanctions, must obtain from an infinitely just God an endless life. Now, the soul is such; therefore it is personally immortal.

Thus it is that life on earth is not the "true life," but a trial and preparation for the final destiny of which we are the free artificers. Thus it is that man, as St. Thomas Aquinas says, "being created to see, love, and possess God, ought to advance more and more in the knowledge of truth and the pursuit of good, as their continual contemplation shall be the object of his future happiness." Thus it is that both human reason and divine revelation re-echo the beautiful words of St. Augustine: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our heart is ill at ease until it rests in Thee."

Ever Seek the Real.

BY EDWARD GALLAGHER.

I.

A plain but golden rule of life
That wisdom e'er will seal,
In joy or sorrow, care or strife,
Is, "ever seek the real."

II.

Too oft we're led by outward show,
Where nothing real we find;
Too oft we dwell on beauty's glow
That dazzles but to blind.

III.

The ore of gold more base may seem
Than lead of lustre bright,
Till mercury makes its beauties gleam
And brings its worth to light.

IV.

Within the marble lie concealed
Unnumbered statues rare,
Till by the sculptor's art revealed
Comes one from all that were.

V.

Thus, latent in the mind may lie
The true celestial fire
That, found, would burnish earth and sky,
Or lead vain mortals higher.

VI.

And thus, by some unerring test
And standard true to guide,
Must we secure the real—the best,—
Where'er it may reside.

VII.

The fairest flower that sips the dew
With poison may be filled;
While from the rose of plainer hue
Sweet ottar is distilled.

VIII.

The humble bee extracts the sweet
And leaves behind the gall;
And so should we, whate'er we meet,
Select the real from all.

IX.

The silent moon looks gently down—
A sweet nocturnal queen,—
But to the sun she owes her crown,
To him her silvery sheen.

X.

So falsehood, with deceitful ray,
In borrowed lustre shines,
While truth too oft lies hid away,
Like gems in gloomy mines.

XI.

As round the constant polar star
The planets fleet and turn,
So round eternal truth, afar,
A million falsehoods burn.

XII.

But when we tread the mystic land
Where reason cannot guide,
With dangers dire on either hand,
Oh! how can we decide?

XIII.

Where *Ignis Fatuus* lights the gloom,
Reviving hopes long fled,
Yet lures lone wanderers to the doom,
That most of all they dread.

XIV.

The sweetly tinkling phantom bell
Allures us but to flee,—
In pathless wilds we lose its knell,
Or on the starless sea.

XV.

The Syren captures us by song,
And, while in raptures bound,
Transforms to demons all who long
Would drink the witching sound.

XVI.

Where Charybdis in fury wild
Devours the wandering skiff;
While he who dreads, by fear beguiled,
Is dashed on Sylla's cliff.

XVII.

Across this raging ocean dark,
This tempest driven main,
Oh! who will steer the spirit-bark
To heaven's shores again?

XVIII.

How vain, where monsters so assail,
And dangers pave the way,
To think weak mortals can prevail
In life's supreme affray!

XIX.

Despairing pilgrim, look on high,
In faith, in hope, in love;
That Saviour sweet will hear thy cry
Upon His throne above.

XX.

Our way, our truth, our life, is God;
His gifts are won by prayer;
Our path is that the saints have trod
On heaven's golden stair.

XXI.

On earth below, the good and true,—
The orbs in heaven that shine,—
Are but the glimmer, brought to view,
Of attributes divine.

XXII.

The soul, for bliss beyond the grave,
Is sanctified by woe;
The strife brings glory to the brave
Who vanquish every foe.

XXIII.

When death shall close life's weary day,
And heaven's light reveal
Angelic hosts in bright array,
There, there we'll find the real!

Earthquakes.*

Those mysterious workings of nature—earthquakes—are now attracting considerable attention in the scientific world. The reason of this is not that they are more prevalent at present than at any time past, but chiefly because of the slow development of the facts or phenomena with which earthquakes are accompanied. It is only within the last fifteen or twenty years that this subject has assumed the form of a science. But now, as its importance has taken such great proportions, and as the science itself (for it is now classified as a science) has made such rapid strides within the past few years, I think it not unworthy the consideration of the Scientific Society of Notre Dame. For the sake of convenience, I will divide the subject of my discourse into three parts, viz.: the causes, the kinds, and the results or phenomena of earthquakes.

There have been several theories advanced as to what are the causes of earthquakes. Nearly all conflict in many very essential points; but they all agree that the earthquake originates in a point in or beneath the solid crust of the earth, called the *focus*, and that from this point a wave, or series of waves, is generated. These waves travel much the same as those of water. As to the kinds of waves, there are a great variety, a full discussion of which time will not permit. But let us take a glance at a few of the theories advanced to explain the causes of these wonderful phenomena. The first we will consider is one advanced by Alexis Perry. He maintains that the interior of our planet is in a molten state and that it is gradually cooling. This molten matter, according to his theory, is attracted by the forces of the sun and the moon, and thus set in motion. Waves of liquid fire are formed beneath the surface of the earth which strike against the inner part of the earth's crust and thus cause our planet to quake. This theory may seem applicable to some cases, but it is far from applying to all. M. Fouque, Professor of Geology in the *College de France* and chief of the commission

* Paper read before the Notre Dame Scientific Association by JAMES J. CONWAY, '85.

appointed by the Academy of Sciences to study Spanish earthquakes, says that this theory will not apply at all to any of the earthquakes in Spain.

Another theory, advanced by Schenchzer, attributes the cause of earthquakes to the falling in of subterranean caverns. This he explains by the dissolving in water of such substances as salt, gypsum, and the like. He claims that the inner parts of the earth's crust are composed, to a greater or less extent, of such substances, and that the action of subterranean waters dissolves them, thus making immense caverns underneath the surface of the earth. The overlying strata of the earth are precipitated into these caverns, thus causing a quaking on the surface above. M. Fouque claims again that this theory will not apply to the Spanish earthquakes.

A third theory, and the one which, I believe, is most generally accepted at the present time, is founded on the nebular hypothesis. This hypothesis, as you all know, rests upon the supposition that the matter of the earth was once in a gaseous state and that it has been gradually cooling down till now a solid crust is formed which encircles the yet remaining gaseous and fluid matters of the interior. The same cooling process is still going on, and, as a natural consequence, the hot material of the inner portion of our sphere is gradually confined to smaller and smaller limits. The strength of the earth's crust is unable to resist the force of the accumulating gases which is directed against the consolidated portion, and the result is a rupture of the crust and those mysterious phenomena of earthquakes. This theory, indeed, seems very plausible and has, I believe, more adherents than any other. It seems to be almost indisputable when applied to volcanic regions; for earthquakes in those districts invariably precede or follow the eruptions of adjacent volcanoes.

However, let the cause of earthquakes be what it may, one thing is evident from observation, and that is, that a series of earth-waves, similar to those of water, is produced, which emerge on the surface of the earth, and these are caused by a jarring in the matter of the earth's crust. Regarding this as granted, I will proceed to explain the different kinds of earthquakes.

There are three kinds of earthquakes, viz., the explosive, the horizontally progressive, and the verticose. The explosive is a violent upheaval of the earth's crust causing objects on the surface to be thrown high in the air, and the shock, though not extending far, is still very powerful wherever it reaches. This is because the focus is never very deep in this kind, and, consequently, as the shock has not to travel far, its force on reaching the surface is very great. The most remarkable of this kind is the one that destroyed Riobamba, in 1797.

The second class, the horizontally progressive, is itself divided into three kinds: first, where the earth-waves spread in concentric circles. This is the natural shape for them to assume, and the one which they do invariably take, except when constrained by physical impediments. In other words, if the material through which these waves pass is homogeneous

they will remain circles. But suppose this material is not homogeneous except in some two opposite directions from the focus,—for example, take North and South,—the East and West, we will say, is composed of some material through which the waves travel with either a less or greater velocity than that of the North and South; the result is evident: In either case the waves will assume the form of an ellipse. In the first case we have an ellipse formed whose major axis stretches directly North and South, the minor axis East and West, and whose centre (the intersection of the axes) is at the focus of the earthquake. In the second case it would also be an ellipse with the axes reversed.

The third is the linear progressive, which occurs generally in mountain chains. Their occurrence is due to the fact that they originate in a stratum of rock which on either side is bounded by strata of other rocks whose elasticity differs widely from that of the middle stratum. The result of this is that when the waves proceed as far as the bounding strata they are, with some loss of force, reflected again and again on either side until their force is exhausted.

The third and last grand division of earthquakes is the verticose. Here the most wonderful and interesting phenomena are presented for the examination of the scientist. The ground is twisted around sometimes, again ruptured and thrown into the most complicated disorder that can be imagined. Straight rows of trees have been twisted into a zigzag shape, and chimney-tops and bureaux literally turned at right angles to their former positions. Then, again, counter-twistings occur only to add to the complication. Lyell accounts for the turning of bureaux and chimney-tops by a backward and forward motion in the crust of the earth, and demonstrates that there need be no real verticose motion to effect this change in their positions. But there are real verticose motions in the earth itself which this theory will not explain—as, for example, where a right line of trees is changed into a zigzag line.

This real verticose motion is explained by a demonstration which shows that it is due to the concurrence and interference of waves. In the former case the force is increased, in the latter it is diminished; thus producing a curved motion in the strata. So much for the different kinds of earthquakes and their causes, and now let us take a glance at some of the minor phenomena.

The velocity with which earthquakes travel differs widely according to the different kinds of rocks in which they occur, and also to the force with which they are generated. As a general rule, they travel at the rate of from fifteen to thirty-five miles a minute. We would, at first thought, be led to believe that the velocity would be proportionally great to the force of generation; but the fact of the matter is that just the reverse seems to be the rule. This is because when the waves are driven with great force through rocks the molecules are separated to a proportionally great distance from each other; even the rock masses themselves are sensibly shattered,

and thus the motion is retarded. According to some of Mr. Mallet's experiments in earthquakes, where the shocks were very slight he found that the velocity was as great as one hundred and forty miles a minute, or about the same as that of sound. Consequently, from the above we can draw the conclusion that slight shocks travel with the velocity of sound in the same material, and also that the slighter the shock the greater the velocity.

Earthquakes are generally attended with peculiar sounds, described by Le Conte as "hollow, rumbling, rolling, or grinding; sometimes as clashing, thundering or cannonading." These are produced by the rupture of the rocks caused by the passage of the earth-waves through them.

Another peculiarity noticed in some districts is what is styled the phenomena of the "bridges." Here the shock travels along the surface of the earth till suddenly it disappears and afterwards reappears at some distance beyond where it apparently had ceased to exist. This is because this certain spot contains a layer of material which is softer and more inelastic than that on either side of it. Consequently the shock is reflected beneath the surface and only reappears where these inelastic strata cease to be.

Another of the phenomena attending earthquakes is the production of great fissures in the crust. These, indeed, are claimed by many to be the cause of earthquakes, but time will not permit of any discussion of them here as such. These fissures are usually beneath the surface of the earth and at a great depth, though they sometimes appear on the surface. But we must be careful, however, not to confound these great fissures with those that are commonly found in the soft, inelastic surface-clay, as they are of a very different origin.

So much for the minor results of earthquakes; and now let us take a hasty glance at some of the more important ones. The most destructive earthquakes are those that originate beneath the sea. This, indeed, is not because the shock is any more severe; but it is on account of the immense sea-waves which follow the shock. These waves are often as high as from fifty (50) to sixty (60) feet, and from one hundred (100) to two hundred (200) miles broad at the base. We can easily imagine what must be the destructive effects of such an enormous amount of water rushing upon some unguarded city, at the rate of over four hundred (400) miles an hour. One of the most remarkable of this kind is that which destroyed Lisbon in 1755.

As these waves are caused by an upheaval in the strata at the bottom of the ocean, it follows that the greater the upheaval, the greater also will be the waves produced. We can form some idea of the nature of these upheavals from the following examples: The earthquake of 1854, which shook the coast of Japan, was attended with a series of water-waves about thirty (30) feet in height when on the Asiatic coast, and which were eight (8) inches in height at San Francisco, after crossing the Pacific Ocean. Another occurred on the 13th of August, 1868, desolating the coast of Peru. Shortly after, a series of waves, from fifty (50) to sixty (60) feet in

height, rushed in upon the land. These waves were seen at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, a distance of 5,580 miles, also on the coast of California, and Oregon, and even as far as Alaska, a distance of over 6,000 miles, and on the coast of Australia, nearly 8,000 miles, and even as far as the coast of Japan, a distance of over 10,000 miles. It is claimed that had the course of those waves not been intercepted by the land they would have encircled the entire globe.

But the most important effects of earthquakes are the elevations and depressions caused by them in the earth's crust. Thousands of square miles have been actually raised out of the sea on which now populous cities are built. Also great tracts of land, once as high and dry as this which we inhabit, have been depressed, and are now wholly covered by water. I will mention a few examples of each. During the earthquake of 1835 the whole coast-line of Chili and Patagonia was elevated from about two to ten feet. During another earthquake which occurred thirteen years before the same coast-line was elevated from two to seven feet. These elevations along either coast of South America have been going on for many years. This is evident from the fact that the elevations along the coast, on either side range all the way up to as high as 1,300 feet above their former positions. Nor is this confined to one locality merely. It stretches along a tract of land over 12,000 miles in length.

In 1819, an earthquake which occurred in India had the contrary effect to those of South America. Here a tract of land over 2,000 square miles in extent was sunk and completely covered with water. And again, during the earthquake which occurred in the Mississippi Valley, in 1811, large tracts of land in the vicinity of Cairo, Ill., were sunk several feet below their former level and have been covered with water ever since. These are the most interesting and important of the features attending the occurrence of earthquakes.

To treat this subject fully would far exceed the limits of an essay; nay, volumes might be written upon it without the least possible chance of exhausting it. I have merely touched, and even that very lightly, upon some of the most important points of the subject of my discourse. But from what has been said we can easily perceive the importance of the subject, and how necessary it is to be acquainted with its phenomena.

Ireland.

"The Niobe of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

By this verse, so justly applicable to Ireland, Lord Byron has endeared himself to every Irish heart. Some one has styled her the land of song; and well, indeed, does she deserve the name. There is scarcely a spot in the green old land that has not some recollection connected with it, either personal or historic and rendered still more interesting by the songs of her bards. An orator has said that

"each hamlet had its roving minstrel—aye, often its blind Homer wandering from village to village singing, before the winter fire, of some lovely Helen or vanquished Troy." And we are told that it is not even at the present day an uncommon sight in Ireland to see an old, white-haired man, with the frost of many winters on his brow, singing the traditions of his country or the adventures of a lowly hero to a crowd of merry peasants, each one silenced for the moment as their fancy brings them back to the days of which the minstrel sings; and the Irish nature, being susceptible to tender influences, he can sway their feelings at his own sweet will. We believe that no nation of the earth of such limited extent has produced so many eminent men—warriors, statesmen, orators and poets. No nation has clung to the creed taught them by St. Patrick like her. Through years of persecution her unswerving fidelity to the Catholic religion has won her a place second to none in the annals of history. No matter where an Irishman is found, how he is connected by family ties, or everything that a man holds sacred, he always calls Ireland by the endearing name of home. There is something pathetic in that word. Calling a country home which he never expects to behold again. Oh! that I could do justice to the Irish nature! would that my pen might picture the children of Ireland, ever loyal and true to their God, their religion and their country, amid the trials and troubles of iniquitous persecution, yielding up life itself rather than deny the divine faith implanted in their hearts!

Let us go back fifty or sixty years and look at the system of education in Ireland. There were two kinds of schools,—I mean for the poorer class—the Government school and the hedge school. As the reader probably does not know what a hedge school is, we will try and explain. A schoolmaster, for a miserable pittance, would assemble a number of children together and would take them to a glen or some other out-of-the-way place, and there teach them for two or three hours a day, one of the boys all the time remaining on watch to warn the master of the approach of strangers or Government officials. At the word of alarm the teacher instantly dispersed his school, as there was a heavy penalty for the "offense," as the Government was pleased to term it. The situation of the peasantry was in a precarious condition; they were compelled to send their children to the public schools, and were forbidden by the priests. As is always the case, they obeyed the priest; they would suffer confiscation of property or anything rather than disobey the Church, and confiscation there meant more than it would in almost any other country. It is to be hoped that Ireland will one day have her own self-government, when her sons can remain at home and cultivate the soil that is theirs by right, and not go wandering over the earth as has been the case for over six hundred years. People of other nationalities often wonder how the sons of Irish parents can have such a love for Ireland; our best answer may be given in the words of another: "As we were born under the stars

and stripes, we owe our first allegiance to it; but the proudest boast I have is that every drop of blood that runs in my veins took its origin in the shadow of the Connemara mountains and in the vale of Avoca!" So said he, and I echo the sentiment.

L. KAVANAGH.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Bret Harte is at work on a new Californian story.

—That famous book, "My Prisons," by Silvio Pellico, is republished by Roberts Brothers.

—Abbé Liszt has gone to Weimar, where he intends to pass the summer. The eminent composer's memoirs will be published, it is hoped, before the close of the year.

—A Bach festival has lately been held at Cöthen, a town in which the great composer lived and worked for several years. It was commenced by the unveiling of a monument of Bach, erected near the cathedral.

—W. W. Story, the sculptor, has been invited by the Lick trustees of San Francisco to submit designs for the bronze monument of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," to be erected in Golden Gate Park.

—Mr. John H. Ingram's work on "The Raven," which will be published very shortly, will give the origin, history, variorum readings, bibliography, chief translations, parodies, and entire literature of Edgar Poe's well-known poem.

—According to Max Müller there will be in the world at the end of the next two centuries 53,370,000 people speaking the Italian language, 75,571,000 the French, 157,480,000 the German, 505,286,000 the Spanish, and 1,837,286,153 the English.

—The first number of Ruskin's illustrated autobiography will appear in June. It will be completed in thirty numbers and three volumes. The title will be "Præterita, Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts, Perhaps Worthy of Memory, in My Past Life."

—The original manuscript of "Tam O'Shanter" was recently sold for £152. This is the highest price ever paid for a manuscript of Burns', and, naturally enough, the precious relic has gone to Scotland. It consists of six leaves, foolscap folio, and on the last page there is also the whole of "Queen Mary's Lament," and a fragment of another poem.

—The immediate publication of the manuscript diary of Shakspeare's cousin, the Town Clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, is announced. The diary extends from 1613 to 1616—the years of Shakspeare's residence at Stratford previous to his death on the 5th of May (April 23, O. S.) of the latter year. From beginning to end it is a record of the attempts made to enclose, and of the resistance offered to the enclosure of, the common fields of Stratford, in which Shakspeare was interested, not only as a freeholder, but also as the owner of a moiety of the tithes.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 30, 1885.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the EIGHTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—We are pleased to announce that Major Gen. W. S. Rosecrans has accepted an invitation to deliver the Oration at the Commencement in June. All who attend the exercises may be assured of an intellectual and oratorical treat from the gallant hero of Stone River, whose reputation for genius and statesmanship is a national one.

—Among the grand prizes of this year will be the gold medal, presented by Mr. Ferdinand E. Kuhn, of the Class of '83, to be presented to the most deserving member of the Scientific Association. The medal has arrived and has been shown to a privileged few. The "scientifics" may be assured that it is rich and beautiful, and well worth a struggle.—*Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*

—The young ladies of the Culinary Department of '85, at St. Mary's, have the sincere thanks of the SCHOLASTIC Staff for a kind remembrance in the shape of a delicious Angels' food cake, prepared by their own fair hands. Were it not that our professional poet is at present busily engaged on his Class-Day Oration we would have him compose a sonnet or an acrostic commemorative of the delightful event.

The Scientific Séance.

On last Saturday evening, the 23d inst., a large audience, made up of the students and members of the Faculty, assembled in Washington Hall to spend a pleasant couple of hours with the members of the Scientific Association, who gave the first of their public *séances* for the session.

The opening address was delivered by Mr. F. H. Dexter, '86, who said that one of the principal objects of the society in giving these public *séances* was to extend the benefit which the members derived from the Association to their fellow-students. He then traced the origin of the Association back to 1868 when, on May 16th, its first meeting was held in the old Library. The Association had always held a high standing in the University, and among its members could always be found the most skilled and most talented of the students. It was safe to say that no society among the students could present as much real work as the Scientific Association. In everyone of their weekly meetings two or three papers on scientific subjects were read and discussed, and most of them were voted to be reproduced in the SCHOLASTIC. Mr. Dexter announced that the society had selected Messrs. C. Kolars, C. Porter and W. Johnston, of the Class of '85, as their representatives, and that they were to address the audience on the following subjects, all of which would be practically illustrated by suitable apparatus—for the most part constructed by members of the Association:

"A Glass of Water".....Chas. C. Kolars
"Colors".....Chas. F. Porter
"Persistency of Vision".....W. H. Johnston

Mr. Kolars showed the most important properties of the composing elements of water. He spoke first of hydrogen and then of oxygen, and illustrated everyone of his statements by an appropriate experiment, some of which showed great skill in chemical manipulation.

Mr. Chas. Porter explained how colors are produced, and how the prism acts in decomposing the rays of the sun into the seven fundamental colors; then he explained neutralization of colors, and finished by illustrating mixtures of colors. The subject which Mr. Porter chose is one of the most interesting in Natural Philosophy but, for some reason or other, he failed to treat it as well as might be expected.

Mr. Johnston gave evidence of complete familiarity with his subject. His experiments were brilliant, and all illustrated just what he wished to show. He had taken pains to ensure success in his experiments, and deserves great credit for his efforts. In particular, the illuminated fountain was greatly admired; but the most original—and certainly the most entertaining—of his experiments during the evening were those given with the phenokistoscope. We can safely say that he produced effects by the use of this instrument which have never been shown in the United States, at least on such a large and grand scale. He had wheels of over 6 feet in diameter, painted especially for this occasion by a local artist with subjects taken from

photographs representing various animals, running, jumping, flying, swimming, together with the human face in the different phases of laughter; and so perfect was the result of the optical illusion that the motions of the different objects were well illustrated.

It is needless to say that all were well pleased and entertained, and hope to hear soon again from the Association. M.

The Philopatrians.

The St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society gave its annual entertainment last Wednesday evening in Washington Hall. As has been the custom of the Society since its establishment, these public exercises were made complimentary to Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., our revered Prefect of Religion. A goodly audience assembled at the time appointed to greet and encourage the young performers. The programme followed on the occasion will be found in another column.

The exercises opened with the "grand entrance march," played in good style by the Band, who in this, and the other pieces which they rendered in the course of the evening, gave evidence of the high degree of proficiency to which they have attained. On the conclusion of the opening piece the curtain rose and disclosed the Orpheonics grouped upon the stage. They at once proceeded to give one of their grand four-part choruses. It was well sung, though some defects were noticeable at the start. The *Trio* especially was well received, and the beautiful soprano solos, by Master Willie Devine, were heartily applauded.

Master M. Luther delivered the address of the evening which was well conceived and abounded in many happy local "hits." He spoke as follows:

"The Philopatrians cordially greet and welcome you to the entertainment which they have prepared for this evening. They are pleased that it devolves upon them to give one of the closing entertainments of the scholastic year. They did not wish to take a first or even a middle place in the series of performances which you and they have witnessed since last fall. This fact is, of course, entirely due to their modesty, and with becoming modesty they make the acknowledgment. They cheerfully testify to their appreciation of the services of the aspiring St. Cecilians, and the courtly Columbians, the sober Euglossians, and the dignified Thespians, and the Scientific Illusionists, in contributing to the common instruction and amusement during the winter and spring. And they desire also to assure the young gentlemen who have been so particularly industrious in the Music Hall for the past month, with flute and fife, drum and cymbals, bugle and trombone, clarion and so on, that their efforts have not been in vain. They have been heard. Their measures—betimes slow and sad, sweet and solemn, as when the Æolian harp is swept by the gentle zephyrs of a summer evening, and then strong, sprightly and sonorous as a 50-burro power calliope—have been heard by all, and with profound emotions. But among those melting measures, panting expectation has vainly listened for that stirring and familiar refrain,

"The wolf is on the hill;
We hear him howling, howling still."

"But, fearing that we may be misunderstood if we pursue this tempting subject any further, we will here 'switch off,' as railroad men say, and promise to do our best to divert,

if not to interest, our fellow-students and all who favor us with their presence this evening. We aim to give a performance worthy of Booth or McCullough,—a performance, indeed, that neither of them has undertaken to give. At any rate, McCullough would not have given it before he yielded to the lemonade habit. Let justice be done to home talent also; and this constrains us to say that the play we undertake to give is worthy of the genius and experience of the Thespians. Our regard for the classics, has induced us to give due weight to the claims of the pantomime of classical times, as all may presently see, when the regular exercises begin. Asking no special indulgence, but taking the name of the play of the evening as the motto of our labors, 'Let Justice Triumph.' We are reminded, too, that this is a day appropriate to the honor of the chosen patron saint of one near and dear to us—one whose life, so gentle and full of practical virtues, teaches us how near the earth can be raised to heaven. We heartily wish—and we know we may speak for all present in wishing—many returns of this blessed day to our common friend and spiritual Father—the Very Rev. Alexis Granger."

The Orchestra then began to "tune up" and after an unconscionably long time spent in this occupation, rendered an overture. The spirited and classic performance of this *morceau* more than compensated for the "long and tedious wait." We think, however, that our orchestra players might expedite their preparations for a performance—their audience will then be in better humor to properly appreciate their excellent music.

The event of the evening was the drama entitled

THE TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE,

which was presented by the members of this Junior Society of the Preparatory Department, in a manner that surprised and delighted the audience, many of whom did not expect to witness a really excellent performance from such youthful players. The principal actors entered into their rôles with spirit, showing a good appreciation of their characters, speaking with clear, distinct voice, and manifesting the results of careful training. Among those who specially distinguished themselves were Master C. Harris as "Colonel Rigolio," the principal character in the drama; J. Garrity, as "Captain Xavier"; E. Darragh, as "Claudio"; E. Amoretti, as "The Baron"; M. O'Kane, as "Augustino," G. Tarrant as "Gaspardo," and R. Morrison as "Estevau." Master H. Barke, as "Pablo," made an excellent "eccentric steward," and Master C. Senn, as "Myrtillo," the dumb orphan, was quiet and pleasing. The minor characters were each well taken. The costumes, scenery and stage effects were all that could be desired, and the grand tableau with which the drama concluded was very fine. On the whole, the performance was in every way creditable to the Philopatrians and their worthy Director, Prof. J. A. Lyons, whom we congratulate on the success attained by his talented young elocutionists.

The closing remarks were made by Rev. Father Shortis, the worthy chaplain of St. Mary's Academy, who, in his own happy style, complimented all who had taken part in the exercises of the evening. The audience then retired, pleased with the entertainment afforded them by the bright young Philopatrians of '85.

A.

"Rec" at the Red Mill.

A SYMPOSIUM.

[The Literature Class had been anxious, ever since the fine weather set in, to take a pleasure trip before the close of the scholastic year. The story of that trip is told below—and told by nine of the busy hands who helped to make it a success.]

A picnic! What a stir of excitement, what a buzz of hurried preparations, does that magic word provoke! On Tuesday, May 10th, it transformed the dreamy, spring-fever-stricken members of the Literature Class into a body of busy bustlers, each one endeavoring to invent or perfect some favorite contrivance calculated to augment in every possible manner the general enjoyment.

To the "Judge" and "Little Wag," however, belongs the lion's share of praise; for in papers read before the class they had painted in such vivid colors their experiences in "camping out" that nothing short of a day's sport of that nature could quell the enthusiasm which their reading aroused.

The original intention of the Class of '85 was to paint the noble town of Elkhart red; but as our Rev. President feared that the citizens of that burgh might seriously object to having their houses tinged with gore, the project was gracefully abandoned. But the boys of '85 have developed something of the tenacity of the bull-dog, and they resolved to descend upon the shady banks of the historic St. Joseph's River and camp there for the day. On the evening previous we were informed that our point of departure would be over against the back door of the College building, and about 9.30 a. m. we accordingly assembled there. Now, nearly all tales of travel begin with this statement: "On a certain fine morning we left," etc., etc.; but it was different in our case: it was not such a fine morning as it might, could, would, or should have been—in fact, it was drizzling slightly.

A committee of several was appointed to attend to all necessary preliminaries. To say that they attended to their duties is superfluous: the different kinds of cake, the sandwiches, the pie, the eggs, and the two pounds of steak allotted each of us—rations for sixteen and to spare—the pasteboards, the "old judge," the patent corkscrew, all bear witness to their spirit of zeal, and stamp them as "old hands" in the business.

We took along enough implements of torture—torture for the fish, not the class—to catch all the small fry within a radius of six miles. The necessary preparations for the fun and the feasting were complete when we had captured a convenient hand cart.

That cart! O that cart! the dear little cart that each one gently pushed along for his allotted distance! it has left many lingering remembrances in our fond hearts. That cart took the lead, drawn by two muscular *littérateurs*; they tugged and pulled, and pulled again; they struggled manfully: their hearts and souls were in their work, and they labored not in vain; visions of delicious viands and

all the delicacies of the season flitted before them in imagination and gave them almost superhuman courage. They were thinking of the good things and the good times to come, those lordly men of muscle.

We had gone but a little way when we heard a faint "halloo!" behind us, and then the "Judge" came limping up with a load of belated steaks which, he assured us, weighed thirty pounds if they weighed an ounce, and they weighed near sixty before we reached the camp-ground, two miles or more away. Then we trudged merrily on toward the *Academy*; but, pshaw! we turned off to the right before we reached the dogs, and at that moment the "Judge" and Dan were heard calling *Helen Blazes*—but whether she responded, deponent sayeth not. In vain we directed their attention to the beauties of the surrounding scenery—some of the farms along the road were already well under cultivation, others were but just coming to the plough—but we fear that Dan and his Judgeship in those distant dogs found metal more attractive.

Thus we plodded on through the dusty highway, cracking many a joke at the expense of our neighbors as well as at our own. "*Sic semper cartshirkers!*" exclaimed the "Judge," as he held aloft the fragments of a joint of fish-pole, the remnants of which were slowly working their way down "Stiner's" vertebral column.

Toward noon the cart, the fishing rods and all things became as nothing, for, dusty and heated, we reached the happy hunting ground, our haven of rest. We see it now, the massive mill, with its high-shouldered roof, perhaps a century or two old; the lively stream whose rushing waters push the huge mill-stone in its trembling revolutions; at our feet the St. Joe majestically flowing, its placid waters, reflecting the fierce sunbeams, at last unclouded, silently passing, like a flood of liquid gold. After a few moments' discussion as to where we should locate, we finally decided to occupy a point of land which projected into the river and admirably suited our purpose. The sun had come out from behind the clouds and shone bright and warm so that it was agreeable to stroll in the sunshine. At the camp, a good shady spot near a thorn-apple tree, we began making preparations for dinner in not quite, perhaps, but almost true camp-style. Meanwhile the "sports" of the Class commenced searching for a place to fish in, or rather for a place wherein were fish.

The "Judge's" superior talents in the culinary line soon manifested themselves: the fire blazed joyously, the eggs and steak sizzled serenely. We all sat about the embers in a charmed circle, heads resting upon knees, hands clasped before us, gazing into the coals with that ardor which hunger and expectation alone inspire. Each one had his duty to perform, and he did it to perfection. Some built fires, others busied themselves in preparing various utensils for immediate use. The "Judge," chief of the culinary department, and his first assistant, "Mich," have won for themselves imperishable fame.

Just before dinner time three of the Junior team, detained upon the campus until this hour, made their appearance and were heartily welcomed. As for the fishers, Dan returned without having had a "golldon bite," as he was free to confess; but a hot steak, hand-spread with large chunks of butter, and well sprinkled with pepper and salt soon restored his soul, and many a bumper of inspiring lemonade was drained to the pulpy dregs amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Of the dinner it must be said that it was prepared in such a manner as to reflect the greatest possible credit on those who engaged in its preparation, and the way in which we all ate of it is in itself the best compliment that could be paid them. Indeed, the rapidity with which that meal disappeared would have driven a *restauranteur* to despair. After dinner the votaries of the gentle sport repaired again to the river side, while others grouped in picturesque attitudes beneath the thorn tree, gave themselves to the delights of whist or euchre, or to the telling of strange tales, or dozed lazily, repairing frequently, however, to the cup that was never known to cheer above a whisper, and is therefore no give away.

Events were not so numerous as to be annoying: a precocious camp-follower amused us most of the day and was stuffed full of cake before sun down for his pains. Some of the boys ran across a wandering Jew who told pretty absurd stories and pointed out the spot where he had been buried for years, but he seems to have come to the surface again along with the new administration.

The mysterious disappearance of "Chawley" and "Stiner" excited some comment, as did their equally mysterious and almost unexpected return, when it was faintly rumored that some one, somehow, had had an encounter with a black snake: report said there was an attraction in another direction, as if reports are to be relied upon, the attraction failed to materialize.

A crown of thorns was plaited for our Professor, at whose request all complimentary references to himself are withheld from publication; but the crown he promises to treasure, together with the fond memory of the cross which he has previously borne through us.

The anglers returned to camp about 5 p.m. with something less than fifty pounds of fish, and then ascended the thrilling prayer of gratitude "We thank thee—O! we thank thee for the succor (*Cyclopterus lumpus*?) which thou hast given us!"

"Good" and "Dan" both brought strings full of the finny tribe—enough to keep "Abbie," who cleaned them, busy the rest of the day. Upon a motion of the "hungry man," supper was served, and shortly afterward we broke camp. As for "Chawley," a bit of tough steak fell to his lot early in the day; he says something disagreeable is always falling to his lot, and at last it fell in the shape of the homeward bound cart. He and "Stiner," a perfectly safe, that is, perfectly gentle, and pretty well-matched span—let us throw in "Dan" for a leader—distinguished themselves by

taking a turn on the home stretch, and it wasn't a bad turn either!

There is some satisfaction in knowing that the old mill, though it has been red this many a day, was, perhaps, a little redder when we left it, and that moreover we had had as complete and perfect a "rec" as one is likely to hear of this side of an encyclopædia of marine adventure.

It was nightfall when we reached the college. The vesper bells were ringing, and from various quarters streamed long processions of students on their way to evening prayer.

That night, while wandering in the land of Nod, the visions that visited us all were of the pleasantest character; for the day's fun and excitement was something so novel to many of us that, besides enlivening our dreams, they have impressed upon us a last and delightful remembrance.

LITERATURE CLASS OF '85.

Books and Periodicals.

TWO CELEBRATED SANCTUARIES OF THE MADONNA IN ITALY—I. THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE OF GENAZZANO; II. THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO. Notre Dame, Indiana: "Ave Maria" Press. (63 pages, paper, 10 cents.)

This is No. 4 of the "Ave Maria Series" of cheap Catholic publications, and is in keeping with the preceding volumes in the excellence of its matter and the neatness of its printing and binding.

The first of the two sketches is translated from the Italian by "J. M. T.,"—initials well known to past and present students of Notre Dame, and now familiar to many outside through the charming "Story of the Life of Joseph Haydn," which took the critics and reading public by storm a short time ago. It gives a brief abstract of the history of the famous painting, sanctuary, and Confraternity of Our Lady of Genazzano (now canonically established at Notre Dame), with a few of the many miracles obtained through the intercession of Our Lady under this title. Comparatively little known in this country, the picture, sanctuary and miracles of Our Lady of Genazzano, for four centuries famous in parts of Europe, have lately been brought more particularly to the attention of English readers by the work of Monsignor George H. Dillon, D.D., a splendid and costly volume of 650 octavo pages, printed in English at Rome, in the office of the *Propaganda Fide*. The "Ave Maria" sketch contains a frontispiece wood engraving of the miraculous picture at Genazzano.

The second sketch from the pen of our Prof. Charles Warren Stoddard, already well known to the American public by his books of travel and "South Sea Idylls," gives his personal impressions of Loreto and an interesting account of the sanctuary and pilgrimages. Prof. Stoddard is a convert to our holy Faith, and, like most converts, throws a warmth of fervor and devotional feeling into his writings.

* * *

As mentioned above, the Confraternity or Pious

Union of Our Lady of Good Counsel is now canonically erected at Notre Dame, under the direction at present of Very Rev. A. Granger, and a beautiful chapel and altar—a counterpart to that of Our Lady of Lourdes—will be given it in the new church. Members can therefore be enrolled here. As to the miraculous picture at Genazzano, its origin cannot be traced. When first known to history it was at Scutari, in Albania, where it excited an early and life-long devotion to Our Lady in the heart of King George Castriota, better known as “Scanderbeg,” who with a handful of mountaineers conquered the entire Moslem host and kept them at bay during his lifetime. After his death the country was subjugated by the Turks, but the picture became detached and took miraculous flight to Genazzano.

Afterwards, Pope Innocent XI, failing to unite Christendom against the Turks, had the picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel solemnly crowned, and obtained his wish, and the victory at Lepanto. The picture and the devotion have for centuries continued to work numerous miracles; pilgrimages set in to Genazzano, and the Pious Union was formed. Beautiful copies of the picture are plentiful, but a *fac-simile* cannot be taken.

Personal.

—T. M. Cantwell, '70, of Chicago, is a Senator in the Illinois State Legislature.

—Mr. C. Chamberlain, of '45, from Rochester, Ind., visited the College last Wednesday.

—Mrs. S. H. Chute, and Miss Chute, of Minneapolis, Minn., were among the visitors during the past week.

—Mrs. E. Carney, with her little daughter, of Toledo, O., is spending a few days at Notre Dame on a visit to her brother, Prof. J. F. Edwards.

—Rev. T. Sullivan, of '59, Cummings, Ill., and Rev. J. B. Crowley, of '60, Laporte, Ind., were welcome visitors to the College during the week.

—James Healey, of '58, visited the College during the week, leaving his little son in the department in which he himself made his *début* as a student—the Minim. Mr. Healey is now an active business-man in Chicago, and meeting with the success warranted by his bright student career.

—The many friends of Rev. John Lauth, C. S. C., of '67, at Notre Dame and elsewhere, will be pleased to learn that he is recovering his health which had been impaired while engaged in parochial duties in Texas. The *Texas Monitor* of last Saturday says:

“Rev. John Lauth, of Taylor, after spending a few weeks in Galveston for his health, which had been impaired by many years of constant labors in the mission, left last Tuesday for Austin, much benefitted by the refreshing breezes of the gulf and the delightful climate of the Island city.”

We all hope that this amelioration may be permanent and that Father Lauth may yet see many more years in the enjoyment of health and activity. The same journal contained a notice of the mis-

sionary work performed by his brother—the Rev. Jacob Lauth; also of '67,—who is accomplishing great good in the exercise of the sacred ministry in the southern part of Texas.

Local Items.

—What is next on the boards?

—Triple competitions next week.

—“And the villain still pursued him.”

—The St. Cecilians give the closing play.

—Read the *adv.* of “Vapid Vaporings.” “’Twill do you good.”

—The aspirants for elocutionary honors are many in number.

—Sydney J. Dickerson will be the valedictorian of the Class of '85.

—The Philopatrians' Inter-Ocean Express made the trip in 2 h., 26 m.

—“Richard K.” wants to bet his ulster on the result of the championship games.

—The Philopatrians were photographed in costume by our local artists after the play.

—Great preparations are being made by the Class for the observance of Graduates' day.

—The work on the foundations of the extension to the church is being actively pushed forward.

—The Band deserves a chromo for improvement. Keep it up, ye tooters of the silver-toned horn!

—The Law Graduates are going to Indianapolis, about the 17th of June, to be admitted to the Supreme Court of the State.

—The report that a cake lately received has been chopped, or chiseled, into pieces to be used as paper-weights is entirely unfounded.

—The most accurate time keepers give fifteen (15) minutes, as the length of time taken by the orchestra to “tune up” last Wednesday night.

—Several massive brains are hard at work in getting out the “Class Annual” which, by the way, is intended to be a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind.

—The crews have been delayed in getting into anything like active practice, owing to the non-arrival of a set of new oars which are badly needed.

—The Philopatrians return an unanimous vote of thanks to Rev. President Walsh for favors received in connection with their late entertainment.

—Many old students are writing for news about the commencement exercises. They will all be welcome, and we hope to see a goodly number of them next month.

—An admirer of the second nines in the Minim department has offered a silver medal as a prize for a series of baseball games. The generous friend has the thanks of the aforesaid nines.

—The first of the series of games of baseball for the Silver Medal prize contested by the two first nines of the Minims, was played on the 24th inst. Score: 12 to 13 in favor of the Walsh nine.

—Patriotism is a great thing, but had the Father of his Country been present last Saturday evening he would probably have looked mournfully upon the demonstration which greeted the appearance of his picture.

—The fiery, untamed steeds and the "dark horses" have entered the oratorical arena and are getting in readiness for the grand struggle which occurs next month. The palm awaits the victor; let *him* grasp it.

—The Rev. Prefect of Discipline, Profs. Edwards, Hoynes and Paul, Bros. Alexander, Leander, Laurence, Anselm, Simon, Charles, the members of the Band and Orchestra, have the thanks of the Philopatrians for favors.

—The full-length, life size portrait in oil of his Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore, recently finished by Signor Gregori, has been hung in Bishops' Corridor. It is a magnificent work of art, in every way worthy of our *maestro's* reputation and skill.

—The third nines Junior Baseball Clubs have been organized and enter the diamond as follows: **BLUES**—C. Senn, Captain; J. Hieronimus, G. Rietz, W. Devine, R. Morrison, L. Rose, S. Nusbaum, B. Macke, G. Wieting. **REDS**—P. Mullane, Captain; Masters Chamberlain, Grever, Bastable, Hibbeler, Hoyer, Oxnard, Fisher, Grimes.

—An "Inquirer" writes: "Why is St. Mary's Lake crowded from morn till eve by fishers from foreign parts? Formerly this lake was reserved for the students, and was a source of much enjoyment to them; but now there's no chance for anyone, as no one guards the lake, and in consequence these foreign fishermen are always there."

—A committee has been appointed to wait on the editors of the "Annual" for the purpose of endeavoring to induce them, by threats of dynamite, to refrain from reprinting those gray-whiskered jokes that have been going the rounds of college papers for the last few centuries. The committee wants something sparkling from the "Deacon."

—On next Thursday, the Festival of Corpus Christi, there will be, weather permitting, the usual solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament immediately after Mass. One of the repositories will be erected on the front porch of the Main Building, and its ornamentation will be the work of the students, who, it is said, intend to make it the richest and most tasteful of the day.

—Last Thursday a mysterious square box was found on the President's table. Thoughts of Rossa and dynamite at first were uppermost, but on reading the word "harmless," inscribed on the lid, the by-standers gradually became reassured. A thorough and searching examination was made, and all were agreeably disappointed to find that the label was very appropriately applied and the contents most delicious. The thanks of a large number of the Faculty are returned to the members of the Culinary Department of '85 at St. Mary's.

—The 10th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in St. Ed-

ward's Hall on Monday, May 18th. Essays were read by F. Cobbs, F. Crotty, S. Shöneman, I. Grunsfeld, F. Salman, J. McNulty, H. Blakeslee, J. Ernest, J. Doss, F. Piel, F. Rugee, E. Berry, L. Scherrer, J. Boos, T. McGuire, G. Landenwich, A. McVeigh, F. Weston, W. Henry, C. O. Inderrieden, E. Kelly and W. McPhee. While all the essays were good, the one of E. Kelly, on the "Lemonnier Library," was pronounced the best.

—The second championship game of baseball between the "Star of the East" and "University" was played on the 28th inst. The playing, during the first two innings, was fairly good on both sides. In the third the "Stars" hit Guthrie sharply, and, aided by several errors on the part of the "Universities," gained four tallies. From this time forward the "Stars" had things about their own way. In the ninth inning the "Stars" did some heavy batting. Dickerson struck the sphere for three bases, followed by Porter with a three bagger, and McCabe, Tully and Combe with a single each. The score shows that both sides require hard practice. The catchers—McCabe and Burke—distinguished themselves for good playing and hard work, and set an example that the other players might follow with profit. The following is the score:

STAR OF THE EAST.....	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goghlin, r. f.....	7	5	2	2	3	0	2
Dickerson, l. f.....	7	3	2	4	2	0	2
Porter, p.....	7	4	2	4	1	4	3
McCabe, c.....	7	4	4	4	3	1	1
Tully, 3d b.....	6	3	3	3	2	2	2
F. Combe, 1st b.....	6	1	1	1	11	0	1
Devoto, 2d b.....	7	3	1	1	1	1	4
Murphy, c. f.....	6	2	1	1	3	0	1
Goodfellow, s. s.....	6	5	0	0	1	3	1

Total..... 59 30 15 19 27 11 17

UNIVERSITY.....	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McNulty, 2d b.....	6	2	2	2	1	2	2
Guthrie, p. and 1st b.....	6	3	2	2	7	2	11
Steis, 1st b. and p.....	6	3	4	5	5	2	3
Burke, c.....	6	3	3	3	7	2	2
McGill, l. f.....	6	1	2	2	1	0	0
C. Combe, s. s.....	5	1	1	1	1	1	3
Loomis, r. f.....	5	0	1	1	2	0	1
Hotaling, 3d b.....	5	0	2	3	0	1	3
Dolan, c. f.....	5	1	1	1	3	0	1

Total..... 50 14 18 19 27 10 26

INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

STAR OF THE EAST:—1 1 4 5 8 1 1 2 7=30

UNIVERSITY:—3 0 1 0 3 5 0 1 1=14

Earned Runs: "Stars," 4; "Universities," 2. Time of game, two hours and twenty minutes. Umpire H. Dean.

—Last Monday was the anniversary of the burial of "Aristophanes" by the Class of '84, an event not likely to be soon forgotten by the members of that Class, and which will be found chronicled in that issue of the SCHOLASTIC. From the filling in of the grave up to the time they left college, tradition further has it, the Hellenists seem to have been objects of marked displeasure to the old Greek tyrant and some of his fellow shades across the Styx, by whom they were continually haunted. Whether it was that Aristophanes found fault for being put in some one else's grave—which the

Hellenists found ready dug, and temptingly convenient for their purpose—or that his pagan prejudices resented burial instead of cremation, we do not know; what we do know is that the haunting of Steele, Bailey, Gallagher, Ewing, and the rest, by the shades of the departed Greek and his congeners has not ceased with the departure of the class; the nocturnal slumbers of the Class of '85 are also frequently broken in upon by the departed worthies, who keep them in dread of mortal injury. There is no hallucination about it. The location of the unhallowed grave is, moreover, a mystery. Ewing and "Dick" are still here—but, bound by their solemn oath not to reveal the burial place until the reunion of the Class in days to come, they can do nothing to release their unfortunate successors from their plight. The Class of '84 would do well to come at once and satisfy the outraged manes of the departed Greeks. Needless to say, there was no burial this year.

—The Thirteenth Annual Entertainment of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society, complimentary to Very Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., was held on Wednesday the 27th inst. The following is the Programme which *was* to have been followed—the two last plays were omitted.

PART I.

Grand Opening March.....N. D. U. C. B.
Song—"Perche Rossa e la Rosa"—Aria (*Claude Melnotte*).....Willie Devine
Address.....M. Luther
"Musings" (*A. F. Goodrich*)—Solo and Unison
Mortimer O'Kane, Frank Garrity, S. and H. Ackerman
Prologue.....S. Nusbaum
Music.....Orchestra

"THE TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE."

A Grand Melodrama in Two Acts.

Colonel Rigolio.....	C. Harris
Captain Xavier.....	J. Garrity
Claudio.....	E. Darragh
Augustino.....	M. O'Kane
The Baron.....	E. Amoretti
Estevau.....	R. Morrison
Gaspardo.....	G. Tarrant
Myrtillo.....	C. Senn
Pablo (an eccentric steward).....	H. Barke
Benedict.....	W. Morrison
Tomaso.....	S. Nusbaum
Stello.....	A. Hoye
Pedro.....	H. Ackerman
Francisco.....	V. Rebori
Antonio.....	W. Grimes
Bartolo.....	J. Hasson
Carlo.....	B. Ackerman
Leonardo.....	E. Schmauss
Alonzo.....	F. Nester
Ignatio.....	R. Frain
Ludovico.....	M. Luther
Juan.....	C. Senn

TABLEAU.

Music.....Orchestra

GENEROSITY.

A Drama in One Act.

Steele (A Merchant).....D. Tewksbury
Harry (His Son).....W. Devine
Longface.....L. Rose
Cyrus.....J. Hieronymus
Simson.....J. Fisher
Barney.....W. Stange
Music (Piano).....R. Oxnard

EXCITEMENT ON THE ST. JOE VALLEY R. R.
Greenback (General Manager).....A. Meehan
Hartshorn (Director).....W. Houlihan
Trumps (Superintendent).....J. Donnellan
Knockdown (Conductor).....E. Schmauss
Whipstock } Assistant Conductors { J. Fisher
Jeffrey } { D. Cartier
Hardhead (a little deaf).....J. Baur
Finnegan (a Fenian).....W. Ratighan
Dan (a New Yorker).....H. Smith
Closing Remarks.....
March for Retiring.....N. D. U. C. B.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Ashton, A. A. Browne, Baca, Becerra, M. Burns, F. L. Browne, Breen, F. Burke, V. Burke, Callaghan, Conlon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Conway, Crawford, Creel, F. Combe, Campbell, De Groot, Dexter, Dwan, Estrado, Finlay, Flynn, Goulding, A. A. Gordon, Goodfellow, Horn, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Hasson, Hutchison, Jess, Kolars, Kleiber, Kavanagh, Keys, Livingston, McCabe, McKinnery, McGuire, Meyer, McCartney, McMurray, Marion, Mathers, Miller, W. Murphy, Jno. Murphy, McNulty, J. V. O'Donnell, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, Rothert, Reach, E. Riley, Ruppe, Roth, Sheridan, Steis, Shaffer, Saviers, Snapp, Triplett, Jno. Troy, W. Williams, White, Werst.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arts, Adams, Borgschulze, Berthelet, Barke, Baur, Congdon, Cummings, Clarke, Colina, Chamberlain, Cavaroc, Cooper, Chute, Courtney, Dempsey, Dorenberg, Donnellan, Dougherty, Dillon, Daly, Darragh, Devine, Emmons, Ewing, Finckh, Fehr, Flood, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, Garrity, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kegel, Kenny, Luther, F. Long, Lewis, Levin, Martinez, Mulkern, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, B. Morrison, R. Morrison, Monschein, Myers, Mullane, Meehan, Nester, O'Conner, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Porter, Regan, Real, Rose Rattigan, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Redlich, Spencer, Soden, Shaw, Sedberry, Schmauss, Servis, Stubbs, Thompson, Wabraushek, Warner, Wagoner.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bunker, Berry, Bull, Blakeslee, Crotty, Campau, Cobbs, Chute, L. Doss, Ernest, Garber, Grunsfeld, Graham, Haney, Healy, Hopkins, R. Inderrieden, Jones, Kellner, Landenwich, McPhee, McVeigh, Morgan, McGill, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, Moncada, Milard, Mason, Mainzer, McGuire, McNulty, Mooney, Nussbaum, Nester, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piero, Paul, Quill, Quinlin, Ramsey, Salman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Shöneman, Weston, Williamson, E. Falvey.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—Messrs. Courtney, M. O'Kane, Redlich, Dexter, Jess, West, Daly; French—Messrs. Oxnard, Cavaroc, Nussbaum; Spanish—Messrs. Mason, Kleiber, Dexter, Padilla, Kegel, Real; Instrumental Music—Messrs. Austin, Donnellan, Wiley, Gould, Shaw, Oxnard, C. Porter, H. Porter, Congdon, Nussbaum, Myers, Miller, Dolan, Padilla, L. Kegel, Hausberg, W. O'Kane, L. Grever, Reynolds, Ruffing; Vocal Music—Messrs. G. O'Kane, Marion, Devine, E. Riley; Drawing—Messrs. E. Crawford, L. Kegel, Padilla, Wabraushek, Martinez, Flood, F. Long, Mason, Fehr, Real.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The beginners in Elocution of the Senior Class drew for a prize, which fell to Miss A. White.

—Cordial thanks are returned to Mr. Richmond, of Elliott, Ind., for the gift of two canary birds, both of them beautiful singers.

—The Children of Mary are to be commended for their unfailing regularity in attending the pious exercises during the month of May.

—At the regular reunion in the Minim department the readers were Alice Schmauss, Mary Lindsey, Flora Johnson and Dotty Lee.

—At the meeting of St. Catharine's Literary Society, after the usual reading, Miss Murphy was called upon to recite, and kindly responded.

—The usual distribution of cards on which the fruits and gifts of the Holy Ghost are printed, took place at the regular Academic reunion on the Feast of Pentecost.

—The members of St. Teresa's Literary Society read at its last meeting the grand sermon on "University Education," preached at the late Baltimore Council by Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.

—The time of the meeting of St. Agnes' Literary Society, at the end of the first hour, was passed in recitations. Among those who presented selections was Nora Brown, who surprised all by her marked success.

—Grateful acknowledgments are tendered to Mr. Charles Trainor, Florist, of South Bend, for two magnificent baskets of flowers. They rested on the Altar at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Pentecost Monday.

—Each of the following Juniors has employed the recreation days in making a dress or apron for herself: the Misses Allen, Erlenborn, Hertzog, Keyes, Richmond, Regan, Snowhook, Sheekey, Stadtler, Searls and Van Horn.

—On Thursday the Juniors enjoyed a picnic, which took place on the grounds of Mr. A. Coquillard. The pupils are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Coquillard for the refreshments and pleasant hour passed at their residence.

—The Misses E. Sheekey, Regan, Richmond, Snowhook, Trask, Van Horn, Brown, Balch, Erlenborn, Stadtler, M. Murphy, Norris, Searls, T. Balch, Prudhomme Campeau and Stumer drew for the Roman mosaic cross. It was won by the last-named, who yielded her claim to T. Balch.

—A gift to the Museum by a member of the Community, is a little work box presented to the donor, in her childhood, by Miss Florence Nightingale. The cover is adorned by a view of the Pavillion built by King George IV at Brighton, Sussex County, England. This royal summer residence was constructed after the model of the Kremlin at Moscow.

—The pupils in Domestic Economy are steadily improving in their important art. Every Wednesday, at five o'clock, dinner is served at a table furnished entirely by their skilful hands. The young ladies feel highly honored, as well they may, when their marked success is noted. Proficiency in this department ranks among the "solid charms," without which the lighter accomplishments will, in many cases, prove of little avail.

—The usual instruction of Very Rev. Father General on Monday morning was full of deep reflections, and is well worthy the careful attention of those who would be true to "our holy Mother the Church." The Children of Mary return their profound thanks to Very Rev. Father General for the earnest and constant interest he has manifested in their welfare. The instructions of May 1885, it is to be hoped, will never be forgotten by the Children of Mary.

—In the ornamental needlework-room, beautiful table scarfs by the Misses Hale, Snowhook, White Hutchinson and Lang, are to be seen, mostly in lilies, roses, and one—Miss Hutchinson's—in thistles; also fire screens, by the Misses Fitzpatrick and Gavan, the first in snowballs and lilies, the last in roses; a lambrequin by Miss Rose; a mirror shaded on plush, and a spider's web on silk by Miss Shephard, and a panel of lilies by Miss Kearney. Also toilet sets by the Misses Keys and Regan, daisies on satin by Miss Hertzog, and a piano cover by Miss A. Murphy, are worthy of mention.

—The last number of *St. Mary's Chimes* for the present scholastic year was read at the regular Academic reunion on Sunday evening. It was issued by the Third Senior Class. The editresses were the Misses T. McSorley, and L. Walsh, of the Senior department, and C. Richmond, L. Trask, L. Van Horn, and G. Regan, of the Junior department. Though something like allowance must be made for the youth of some of the contributors, the paper was pronounced as interesting by all present. Very Rev. Father General remarked that the reading was perfectly distinct; that he did not lose a single syllable. Rev. Father Shortis kindly imparted his usual gracious encouragement.

Elocution.

The growing popularity of recitations as a parlor pastime, and the satisfaction of possessing an accomplishment calling into play the superior mental faculties, suggest the following reflections on elocution which we humbly submit for the benefit of the large number who take this branch at St. Mary's.

To many the sole idea of a recitation is that of a professed elocutionist taking a prominent position in the middle of the room, and declaiming some selection,—good, bad, or indifferent. The more laughter he excites, the more tears he causes to flow, the more thoroughly the feelings of the

listeners are wrought upon, the more perfect is the elocutionist. This is the decision of some of those who think themselves well qualified to judge. But we beg leave to differ, for if one who recites possesses no higher recommendation than the ability to sway the emotions of the listeners, the standard of his success is by no means the highest. The best efforts of oratory carry the speaker above the merely impassioned. For six successive weeks the accomplished Edward Everett repeated the same lecture every evening in the presence of the *élite* of New York City, in the most spacious building of the city, and to crowded houses, the numbers undiminished from first to last. There was nothing of the cheap artifice of exciting portrayal: no effort at novelty, no appeal to the sense of the ludicrous, or even of the humorous in his famous lecture. His faultless English, his rich, melodious voice, and his unaffected mastery of the higher range of eloquence chained his audiences. The charm was one too noble and too true to be worn out.

Certainly, for young ladies who pursue the study of Elocution, no standard but the highest should be tolerated. The mastery of the voice,—for which, it is true, impassioned selections are quite necessary as a means of rendering it flexible, and of acquiring the full scope of personation,—must be secured, but it does not follow, that an unimpassioned selection is not a good one. A far lower order of talent is required to be successful in the former, than in the latter. As to posture, to rise and assume a prominent position is not at all requisite. Most perfectly effective recitations have been given while the speaker sat quietly, the pure tone and faultless modulations of her voice, the clear conception of the subject presented producing a far deeper impression than had she employed gesture and the little arts of the actor.

Elocution is but another name for good reading. The good reader must be the mistress of her language. The elements of every syllable must be at her command. "Emphasis" and "inflection," "pauses," "the slur," the "suspensive quantity," all these properly employed will impart a charm far beyond that afforded by any mere effort at tragic effect.

But, above all, the moral tone of the selections should be beyond suspicion. It would be a most fortunate circumstance if the intelligence of every admirer of the elocutionary art would render her judgment discriminating, but this is not always the case. We would not wish to see a beautiful young girl of sixteen performing the rôle of Richard III. There is something revolting in the thought of one whose very appearance is indicative only of gentleness, innocence and truth, assuming, if but for the moment, the guise of cruelty, guilt and treachery. The like remarks would apply to selections in which open sentimentality is the chief recommendation. A sound heart must shrink from giving voice to delineation, the reality of which she would blush to encounter. The poems of Henry W. Longfellow are, without exception, safe in this regard. His muse was ever at home in the vigor-

ous atmosphere of truth to the best literary standard. Of few, alas! can this be said, and we must in this case, as in so many others, fall back upon urging the rigid and uncompromising culture of a Christian taste. The evil in the perverse heart will never form the subjects held up to admiration in selections presented by one who is taught never to dwell upon dangerous thoughts. Beauty of language and graceful rhetoric, even the name of "a first-class writer" will not deceive one whose taste is thoroughly Christian.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, Alwein, M. Bruhn, Brady, Carney, Call, Cox, S. Dunne, M. Dillon, C. Ginz, Gove, C. Griffith, Gavan, Alice Gordon, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, L. Hutchinson, Hale, M. Helpling, N. Kearns, Kearney, Lange, Munger, T. McSorley, McHale, O'Connell, Ramsey, Rose, Richardson, E. Sheekey, M. Scully, Schmidt, M. Shea, L. St. Clair, S. St. Clair, A. Stull, C. Scully, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, A. White. *2d Tablet*—Misses Fuller, Fehr, A. Murphy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Brown, T. Balch, S. Campeau, M. Ducey, B. Erlenborn, Norris, Prudhomme, Preston, Paul, C. Richmond, G. Regan, E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, Stadler, G. Searls, H. Stumer, L. Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses O. Boyer, A. Keyes, Malbœuf, M. Murphy, M. Smith, L. Trask.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, E. Chapin, Hopkins, Johnson, Lindsey, Murray, Schmauss, Spencer, S. Van Fleet, E. Hammond, D. Lee.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Call, Dunne, Ginz, Gove, Sheekey, Ramsey.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Barlow, L. St. Clair, M. Ducey, N. Keenan, Carney, M. Munger, A. Heckard.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Horn, Griffith, Wolvin, Dillon, Kearney, E. Sheekey, Shephard, M. Fuller, O'Connell, A. Murphy, J. McHale, M. Adderly, Morrison, M. Keys, M. Helpling, Kearsey, C. Scully, Hale.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses C. Fehr, A. Gordon, Taylor, Carmien, E. Brady, T. McSorley, Thornton, B. English, L. Walsh, E. Rose, M. Schmidt, M. Scully, Addie Gordon, G. Regan, C. Richmond, B. Snowhook, L. Trask, C. Ducey.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses M. Shea, M. Blair, L. Hutchinson, Dwan, Bubb, G. Stadler, F. Hertzog, McEwen, N. Quill, Erlenborn, M. Smith, Blaine, O'Halloran, A. English, Schilling, M. Barry.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses A. White, L. Norris, G. Searls, M. Murphy, A. Schmauss, B. Murray, M. Ducey, A. Schuler.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses T. Balch, M. Paul, M. Lindsey, F. Spencer, E. Burtis, E. Chapin, C. Prudhomme, M. Allen.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, F. Johnson, S. Van Fleet.

2D JR. CLASS—Misses Lee, Hammond.

PHONOGRAPHY.

Misses Adderly, M. Kearsey, G. Searls, I. Alcott.

2D CLASS—Misses Thornton, E. Wallace, Helpling, Carmien.